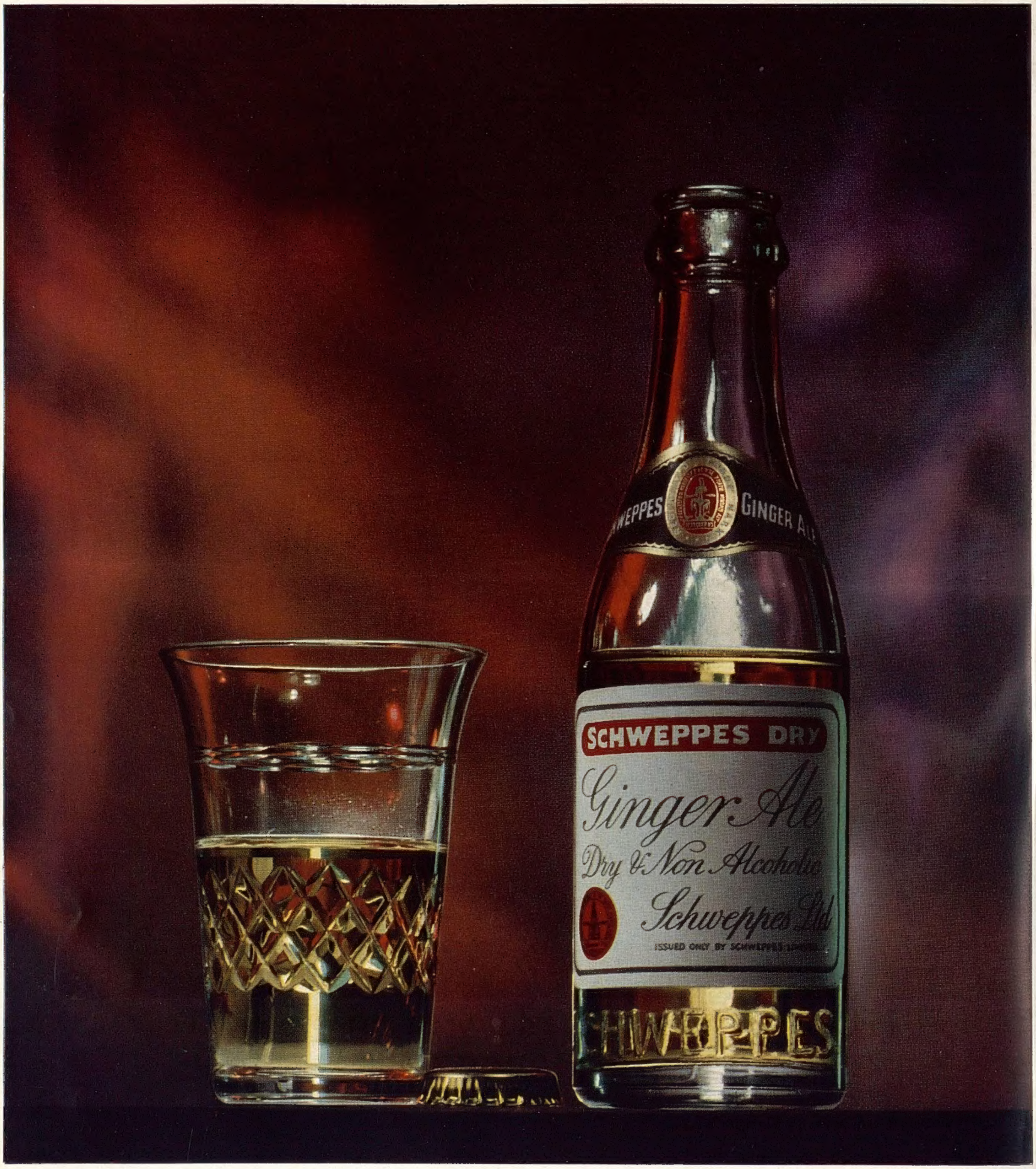
2/-

The Sketch

AUTUMN

OCTOBER 11, 1950.



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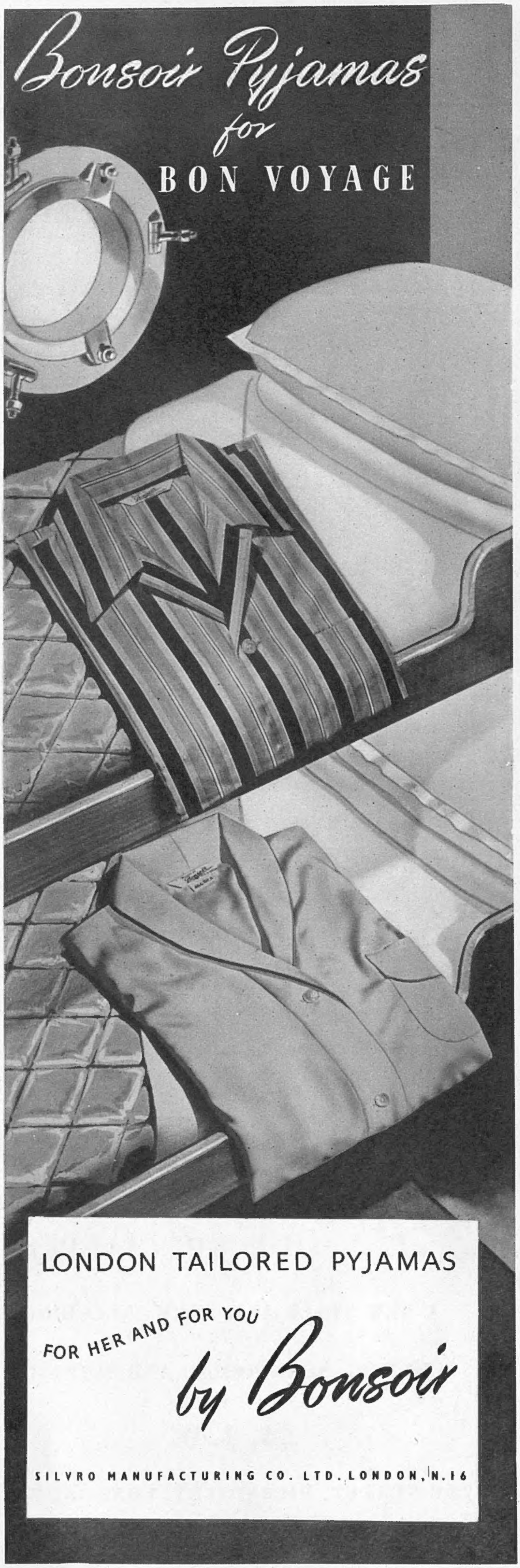

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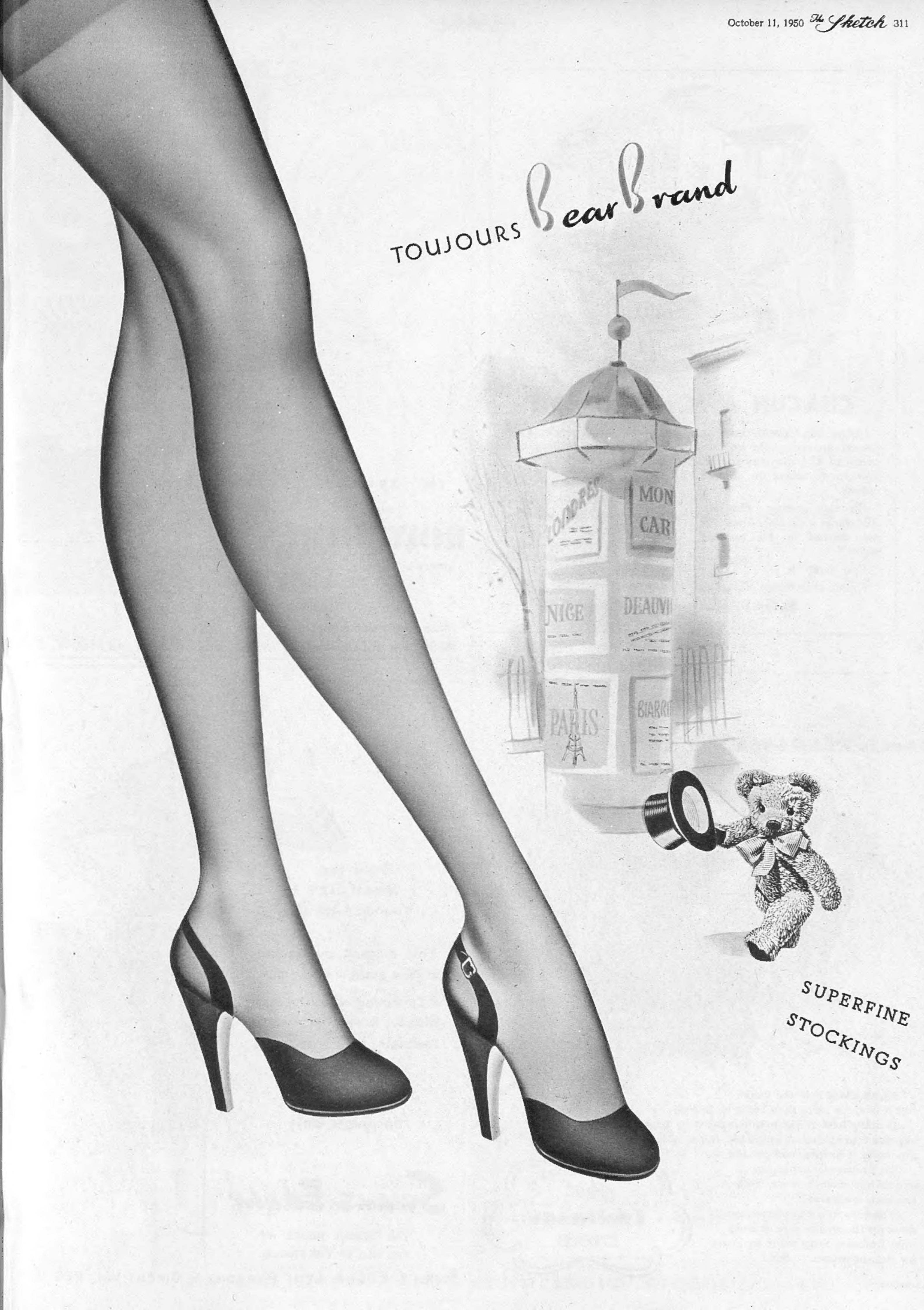
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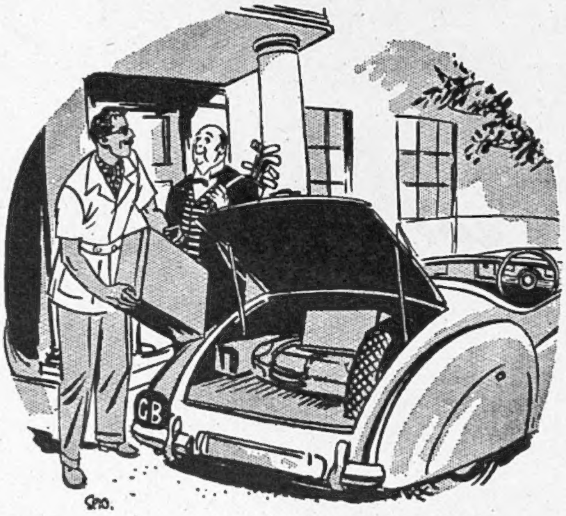

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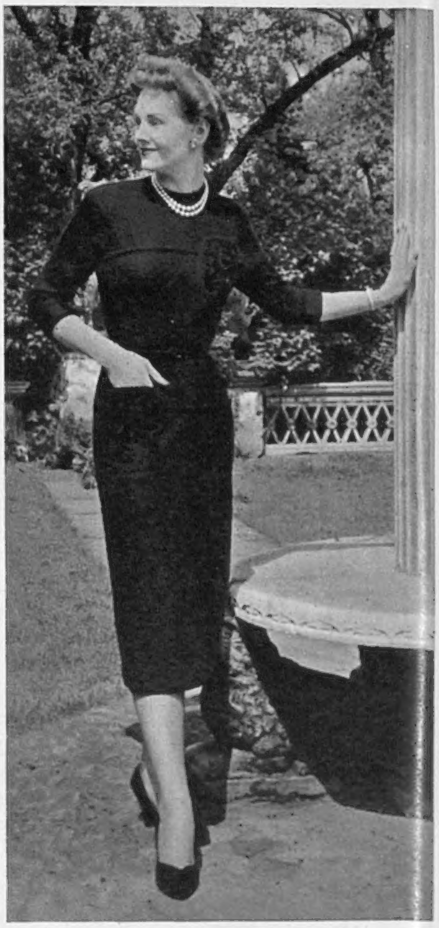

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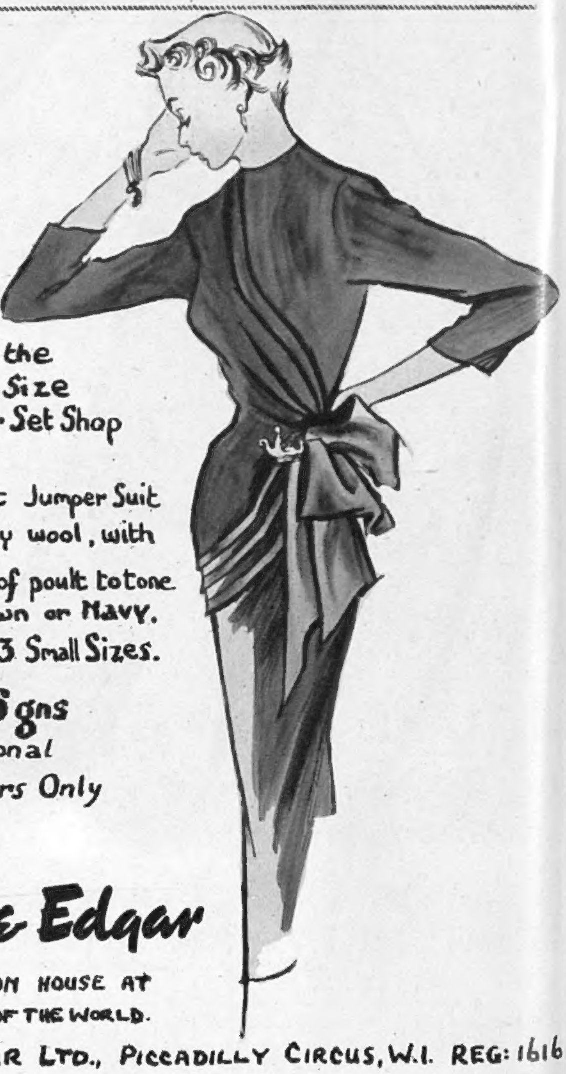

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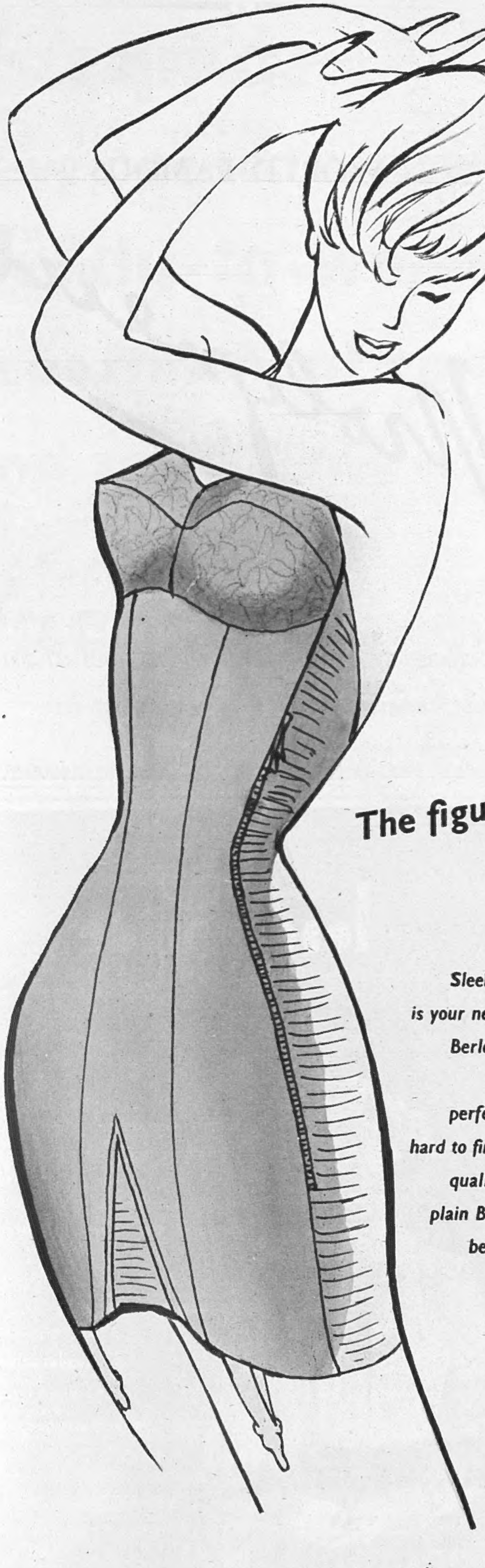

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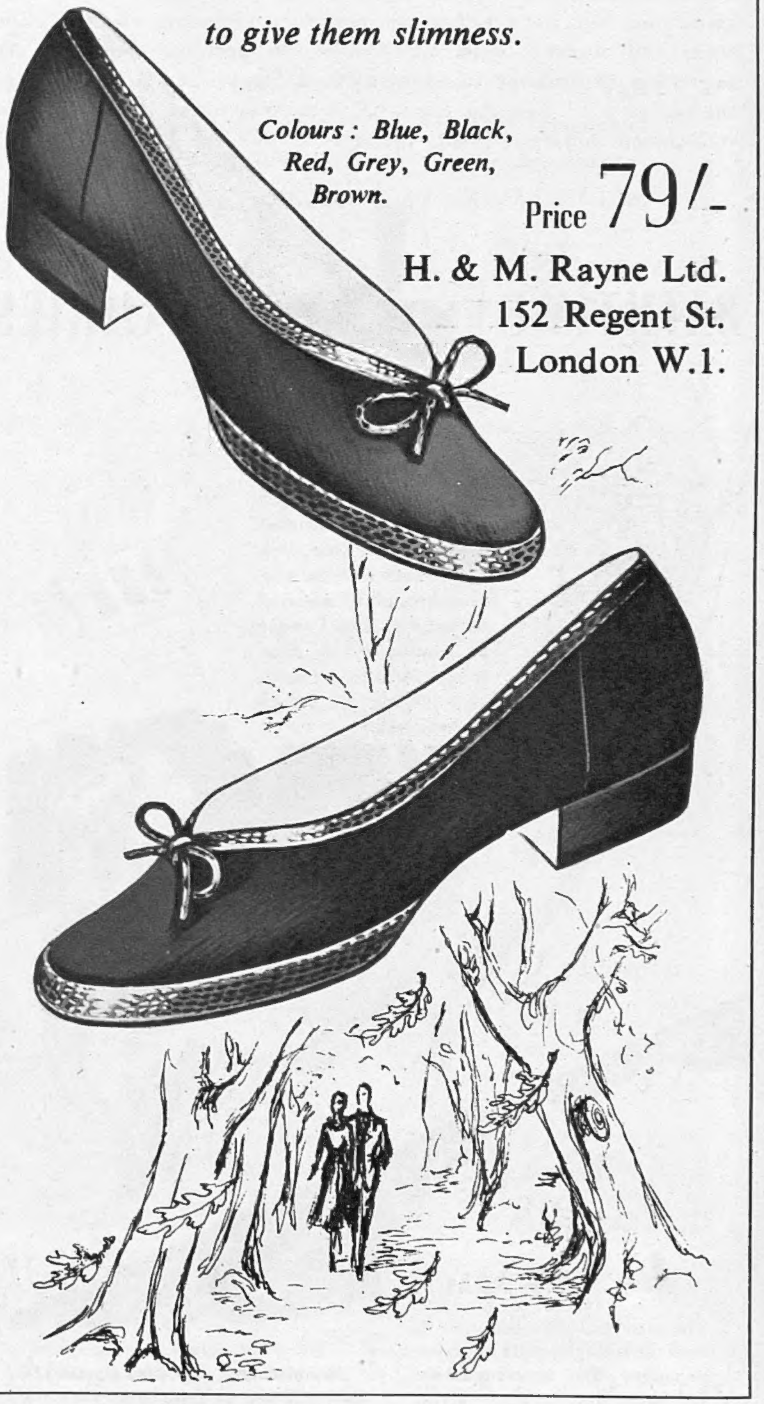

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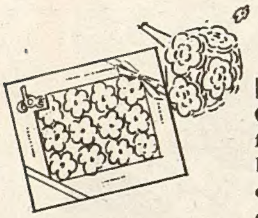

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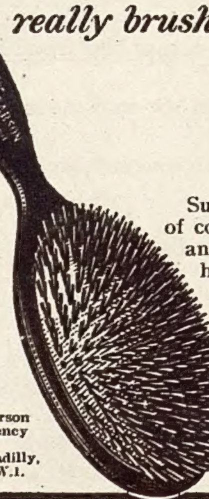

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The Sketch

No. 2766. Vol. CCXIII. October 11, 1950

c

STARLET

LOVELY young Susan Shaw has many screen rôles to her credit; recently in *Waterfront* — currently in *The Woman in Question*.

Colour transparency by J. Allan Ca

AUTUMN AMONG THE BURNHAM BEECHES

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn.

I MUCH prefer the poets when they mute their strings for Autumn rather than when they strum their blooming lyre for Spring.

That is a lovely line of Hood's: "I saw old Autumn in the misty morn." It has far more music in it than the merry, merry springtime and all that. Music should be sad, because there is sadness in beauty.

Can that be doubted? Listen to the final trio from *Rosenkavalier* in which the plot is sheer nonsense and artificiality, but where Strauss stings your eyes with tears by the exquisite blending of the voices and the surging sensuousness of the orchestra. Grief is like winter—sterile, barren, unanswerable; but sadness can be like Autumn—spiritual, lovely and exciting.

William Watson, in his poem on Autumn, caught that perfectly in his cry: "O be less beautiful or be less brief!" How much more understanding he was than Swinburne, whose "cold Autumn, wan with wrath of wind and rain" sounds like a weather forecast on the B.B.C.

Of course there are some fortunate fellows who look on the cycl of the seasons only through the eyes of sport. Either as participant or onlookers, they divide the year into cricket, flat racing, rugge jumping, fishing, and hunting. Their philosophy is "one worl at a time"—and they have no use for poets. They find their musi in the sweet discord of the hounds and the staccato *étude* of th willow on the ball.

But am I fair in saying that they have no use for poets? Man of them can quote Kipling's "If" from beginning to end.

In Canada, where I spent my boyhood days, the seasons had sense of drama quite different from the gentle blending of the Englis climate.

It needs no great imaginative effort on my part to feel the blazin Canadian summer sun on this page as I write, nor to see the dus rising from parched mud roads . . . harvest and harvest moo when the stacks of hay stand like pyramids and the fields are clos cropped like a Prussian's head . . . cold winds and shortening day

. . . the brief reprieve of Indian summer . . . then frost that plunges like a knife into the earth and turns the leaves blood red . . . smoking leaves and dull death all about until the snow comes like a shroud . . . winter's long, long sleep.

In Autumn we discover again the cosy friendliness of a grate fire and the beckoning of books on the shelves. At night the air is chilled with the warning of winter and we sleep like children. If you go down to the sea it is sullen and even angry as the sea should always be, and on the golf links the sun is no more than a disinterested spectator bored with the whole business, instead of glaring into your eyes like an income-tax inspector.

Max is quite right. This is the season for invigorating draughts and petulant winds; and the fallen leaves are a carpet on which to walk.

IT has long been the boast of the Englishman that in this damp, beloved island we have weather and therefore are a people of greater strength and purpose than those lesser breeds who only have climate. An eighteenth-century writer paying a tribute to an old friend, said of him: "He was a man of cheer and kindliness and went out in all weathers." In other words, he was an Englishman.

But is character really formed by the degree of sunshine and rain, of cold and heat that is our portion? It rains most of the time in Scotland, but does it subdue their spirits? Look how they dance the reel, with barbaric cries and graceful leaps into the air. Nothing is more melancholy in Ireland than its weeping skies, yet the wit still flies, and there is great argument. Wales has a special portion of Heaven's bounty (for mountains have a way of provoking the clouds), but eloquence and song pour from their throats.

Thus, in the British Isles, the same skies and pretty much the same weather produce racial types which have almost nothing in common except a basic language, and even that is treated with complete individualism. So obviously there is something more than weather which produces racial differences.

Voltaire, or somebody, said that English have sixteen religions but only one sauce. Dr. Johnson said that English have only one topic of conversation—the weather. In fact, ridiculing the English is a custom much more honoured in the observance than in the breach. Everything is wrong in England, yet people from other countries who come to live here seldom go back if they can help it.

I remember once, at an amusing dinner party, there was a British Englishman, to use that Hollywood term, who had been to the right schools, belonged to the right clubs, went to the right tailor and said the right things at the right moment. There was also present a most amusing Hungarian, who finally became so incensed at the Englishman's calm decorum that he stood up and orated as follows:

"All the time you act as if you are superior. You are not rude or unkind. You are just superior. But how? Can you play the piano? Of course not. But I play it beautifully. Can you paint, can you speak six languages, do you know the operas, can you sing, have you fought a duel? No! But I am all these things and a great dancer too. Yet, because you are English, you admit you are superior."

The flood of words came to an end, and by the look on his face we were afraid they were going to be succeeded by a flood of tears. "The truth is," he said brokenly, "you are." At which the Englishman blushed red and looked most uncomfortable.

THERE is one aspect of English life, however, in which we are a target that no arrow can miss. I refer to cooking and eating. The latest foreigner to draw his bow is Dr. Mario Praz, Professor of English Language and Literature at Rome University. He recently visited London and while he was here brought his professorial mind to bear upon the dishes which he had tasted in British hotels. This is how he described them in an article contributed to the Rome newspaper *Il Tempo*:—

"*Hors d'œuvres.*—Violet and orange sludge.

"*Potage à la reine.*—Kind of wallpaper glue.

"*Filets de sole bonne femme.*—Water-soaked, cotton bundles wrapped in a paste rather like the potage, only stickier, with black foreign bodies supposed to be mushrooms, floating here and there like drowned grubs.

"*Chapon rôti, sauce Bordelaise.*—Impossible to guess to what animal this purplish fibrous, yet viscous, meat belonged. I do not think it was whale. More probably it was a sinew of Al Capone.

"*Ice-cream.*—A sliver of cold soap melting in a stew of disintegrated plums. Loose bony stones were perhaps aimed at an aesthetic contrast with the icy liquefaction of the soap.

"*Coffee.*—An adequate substitute for the hot water with which the ancient Romans used to relieve their stomachs when sated by the banquet to prepare them for further food."

Here we can only bow our heads and cry: "A hit! A hit! A most palpable hit!" Cooking in England is even more debased than our currency, yet there are times when one's interest is so keenly roused that it almost atones for the crime. Take, for example, the soup served on our British railways.

Where else could you have a soup that has the flavour of steam, the colour of pale pink toothpaste, the aroma of wet towels and yet a lingering quality that cannot be eliminated from the palate even by the strongest cheese? I often wonder where the recipe is kept and how long it takes the cooks to learn it. The consistency of it is something one must acclaim even while deploring it. In an era of shifting values, the British Railways restaurant soup remains unchallenged and unchanged. Like England, it will always be.

Long years ago, a man of fashion, needless to say a foreigner, wrote to a friend: "I seem to you cruel and gluttonous when I beat my cook for sending me up a bad dinner. If that appears to you too trifling a cause, say for what cause you would have a cook flogged?"

Yet I shall choose for the last course in this discussion the defence that Hawthorne once made:

"I doubt whether English cookery, for the very reason that it is so gross, is not better for man's morals and spiritual nature than French. In the former case, you know that you are gratifying your animal needs and propensities, and are duly ashamed of it; but in dealing with these French delicacies, you delude yourself into the idea that you are cultivating your taste while filling your belly."

Bravo, sweet Hawthorne! It may well be that it is British cooking and not our grey skies that makes the Englishman. Having survived the machinations of the kitchen, no wonder we face our foes in the belief that we are indestructible.

Beverley Baxter

1. TRANSPORT.

2. DISCUSSION.

4. UNIFORMS.

5. EDITORIAL.

PUTTING IT BRIEFLY . . . THEY'RE BACK AT OXFORD

ON October 8 undergraduates converged once more on the world's most famous university for the Michaelmas Term. In ten years the population has almost doubled itself; admission is more and more hotly sought, for they come from all parts of the world, of every colour and creed and class, with or without State or county grants. All has changed, but it is ever more the same.

3. LECTURE.

6. INFORMATION.

7. RESEARCH.

Candid Cameo

JOHN MILLS

By "Urtica"

ON the face of it there seems to be no obvious reason for the popularity of John Mills with the film-going public. He does not possess the long-jawed, equine, relatively fragile features of a Leslie Howard or a Michael Wilding, which have become the recognisable facial equipment of a British box-office success. Nor do his cinema rôles call for him to send burning kisses rippling up and down the ivory neck of some low-bodiced screen heroine, or to swashbuckle through some *papier-mâché* reconstruction of Restoration bawdy—activities normally guaranteed to keep well-paid film stars well paid. In fact, when he is not keeping his chin up in the most dignified naval tradition (*We Dive at Dawn* and *In Which We Serve*), he is displaying a lugubrious moustache as Mr. Polly or peering out from behind an all-enveloping beard as Scott of the Antarctic.

If one has to hazard a guess to explain this state of affairs, a plausible one might be that John Mills personifies the British love of understatement. To women he is the boy-friend who takes them to the cinema on Saturday night, the brother they can depend upon, the son they can worry about. To men he is the bloke that knows the standings in the football leagues, plays darts in the local pub, and takes their sister to the factory dance.

But the acquisition of the dramatic trappings of the common man has required an uncommon amount of hard work. The son of a Suffolk village schoolmaster, it was expected that he would enter his grandfather's business in the corn trade in Ipswich. Corn had little chance, however, after the young Mills had written a melodrama at the age of eight and played Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream* at twelve. Despite his father's opposition, Mills took off for London when he was nineteen, determined to become an actor. The West End gave him, as it does most newcomers, a frigid reception, and to pay for his rent of 7s. 6d. a week and the occasional dancing lesson he took on a series of odd jobs. These went on for a seemingly interminable time—actually about a year—until one day, sitting in an agent's office, someone asked, "Do you want to go to Shanghai?" Desperately he said yes—and his acting career really began. For it was on this eighteen-months tour of India, China and Malaya that Mills received the dramatic schooling he so obviously lacked. It was a demanding and tiring experience that gave him the opportunity to play in everything from tragedy to farce. The company played to native audiences at matinées and to whites in the evenings. Sometimes the programme was changed daily, sometimes twice a day. In one week in Singapore Mills had parts in *Journey's End*, *Mr. Cinders*, *Hamlet*, *The Girl Friend*, *Young Woodley*, a musical called *So This is Love*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Funny Face*.

And it was in Singapore, too, that Noel Coward saw him on the stage. It was a fortuitous event, for not only did Coward give him a letter of introduction to C. B. Cochran, but he was subsequently to turn up at various significant moments in the Mills career.

On his return to England the Cochran introduction led to a small part in the 1931 *Revue*, and, when that collapsed, Mills at twenty-two became the youngest Charley's Aunt ever to play the West End. The next year Coward's help put him into *Cavalcade*. By now even Hollywood had noticed him, and they offered him a seven-year contract at a small salary. "I turned it down because I wanted to learn my job as an actor," he said. "I have never regretted that decision." Three musicals followed in quick succession, and by 1935 he could ask for £100 a week and get it. To avoid being typed—the death-knell of many a career—Mills realised that he had to escape from the soft-shoe routine. He deliberately stayed out of work for ten months waiting for a rôle in a straight play. A chance to do Shakespeare at the Old Vic was eagerly grasped, and a number of important parts in unimportant plays finally culminated in 1939 in an enthusiastic reception for his part in Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*.

Small film rôles were squeezed into his career between plays, and he subsequently appeared in enough naval parts to justify an Admiralty pension! As a submarine captain in his picture, *Morning Departure*, he showed that he is just as convincing underwater as he is on top of it. But when it came to joining up in September 1939, he enlisted with the engineers and took his commission in a rifle regiment. Two years later a duodenal ulcer sent him back to fighting his war on celluloid. Back on civvy street he was all set to take the lead in a new picture when he was told that the exhibitors—the men who own the cinemas—would not have him "because I was not box-office." Hardly had this news reached him when his 'phone rang. It was Noel Coward asking him what he was doing. "I am halfway through cutting my throat with a kitchen knife," Mills replied. Coward offered him a part in a film called *In Which We Serve*. That rôle led Mills to movies like *Waterloo Road*, *Great Expectations*, *October Man*, and the top of the popularity polls. "Luck is such a devastating thing in this business," mused Mills.

In two recent films—*The History of Mr. Polly* and *The Rocking Horse Winner*—Mills has been described as a producer. If one imagines a film producer as a dynamic personality, familiar with the more intricate ramifications of cinema finance and bubbling with bright ideas, then Mills is a sad disappointment. He possesses all the amiability and vagueness of an actor—the antithesis of the executive type. In serious conversation most of his statements tend to subside into question-marks. Thus his views on the future of British films are strictly orthodox. ("I think it is a good thing that extravagance is gone, don't you? . . . Our films must be typically British, mustn't they?") This is, however, hardly surprising, since his title of producer is largely a convenient device to enable him to choose his own pictures. It was the Rank Organisation's way of preventing him from yielding to the temptations of another lucrative Hollywood contract.

On the subject of acting, Mills is on surer ground. But again he has little that is revolutionary or startling to say. He carefully studies the mannerisms and motives of the character he is about to portray. He spoke to all the survivors of the Scott expedition to discover how Scott walked and talked. His basic acting creed is sincerity. "You can get over any hurdle if you are sincere," he said. He prefers plays to films, but finds good plays hard to come by. This despite the fact that he is now married to a playwright, Mary Hayley Bell, who has provided him with two successful plays—*Men in Shadow* and *Duet for Two Hands*—and three beautiful children.

It would be an anti-climax if the forty-two-year-old Mills didn't want to play Hamlet. He does. "Every actor wants to play it because it has everything, hasn't it?" he said.

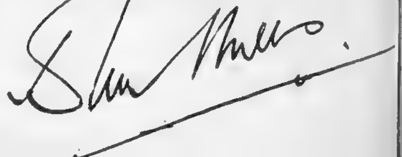
★

Who . . . Me?

CLEARLY I must become more dogmatic, less interrogative, and there's no time like the present to begin. I am a very dull fellow. At least, that is the impact on me of "Urtica's" report of my impact on *him*. There may be some extenuation in the fact that, having forearmed myself with the alarming knowledge that "Urtica" is a stinging nettle, I may have handled my pseudonymous interview rather as one would handle that potentially wounding weed—somewhat gingerly.

Or is this the real me? (Oh, dear, slipping back into questions again!) Still, I'm glad to find I am amiable—yes, and glad I'm not dynamic, and I'd rather be "orthodox" than eccentric. In the end, there is no sting in "Urtica," and I promise I could have taken it.

Seriously, I have never contemplated going to Hollywood. I've been there on holiday, and I thought the oranges were wonderful. But life isn't just a bowl of oranges, and I intend to stick to home-grown potatoes and life on sixpence in the £. With one statement of "Urtica's" I am in total, unashamed agreement. I have three beautiful children.



Photographed by Angus McBean

A MAN OF MANY PARTS: JOHN MILLS

DATE

September 21/22

At Ascot, for first day of September races. The Maharanee Rajpipla and Son Prince Raj Singh. (right) Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke.

September 21.

At the Perth Hunt Ball. H.R.H. Princess Margaret arriving, and also Lord Lansdowne. (Right) H.R.H. with Lord Dalkeith in foreground. On left - Lord and Lady Mansfield, - centre Lord Airlie.

September 23

(Left) Gala reception Covent Garden, to La Scala Opera Company: Lady Franckenstein with Christopher Sandeman author.

September 28

Miss Anne Oswald of Seattle, Washington U.S.A. married Mr. Herbert Hambling son of Sir Guy and Lady Hambling, at St. Peters, Yoxford, Suffolk.

-BOOK

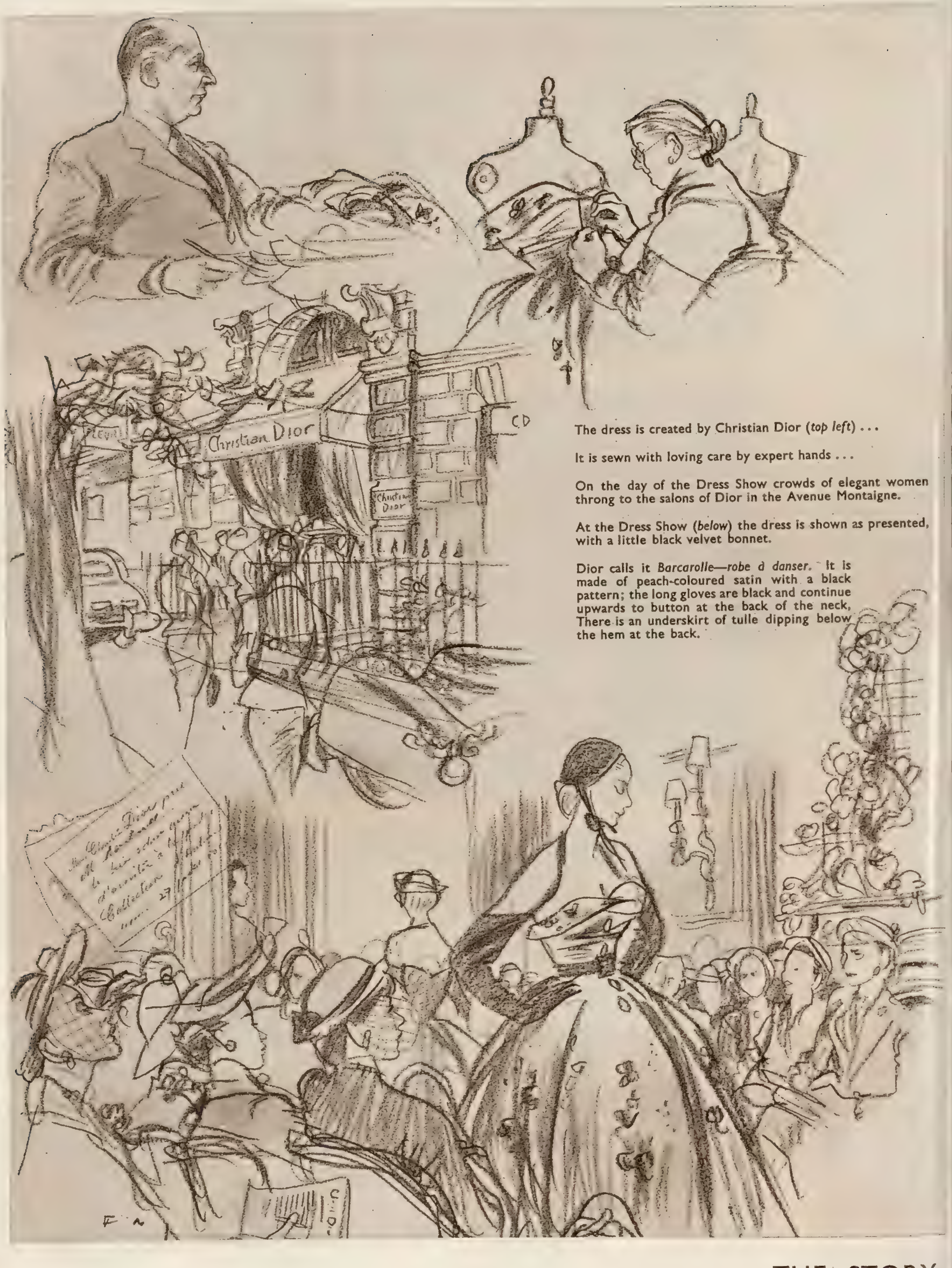
September 22
(Left) Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, the Countess of Seafield his wife, and Prince Radziwill shot over the Castle Grant Moors, Morayshire. (Right) Two more guests in the butts: Mrs Marisia Ponikiewska, and Count Stefan Zamoyski.

September 23
(Left) Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Firestone of U.S.A., congratulated their pianist-composer daughter Elizabeth after she had played her own "CONCERTINO" at the Albert Hall.

September 23
(Right). Mrs. Mackintosh rode her mother's "Vanity Fair" and her own "Fun Fair" at the Banstead and Burgh Heath Horse Show, North Tadworth Farm.

September 23
(Left) Also at the Banstead and Burgh Heath Show: Mr Henry Wynmalen M.F.H. and judge, talking to Mr Victor Hurst.

September 25
(Right) 'Chasing at Plumpton. No. 2. A. Mullins on "Glen of Imaal," winner of the Firle Steeple-Chase. No 7 P. Fitzgerald on "Laurelcrown."



The dress is created by Christian Dior (*top left*) . . .

It is sewn with loving care by expert hands . . .

On the day of the Dress Show crowds of elegant women throng to the salons of Dior in the Avenue Montaigne.

At the Dress Show (*below*) the dress is shown as presented, with a little black velvet bonnet.

Dior calls it *Barcarolle—robe à danser.* It is made of peach-coloured satin with a black pattern; the long gloves are black and continue upwards to button at the back of the neck, There is an underskirt of tulle dipping below the hem at the back.

THE STORY

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Francis Marshall.

. . . and now the dress goes out into the world ; is seen at the opera house on a gala night, in a *chic* crowd, with the *Gardes Républicaine* lining the foyer.

OF A DRESS

WHY NOT A SHOW OF THE FOLK

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by H. H. Harris

WHOM YOUR CARS ARE EXPORTED?

Drawn by Peter Jackson.

THEIR GRACES WILL BE "AT HOME" ON TUESDAYS

SCREEN.—Olivia de Havilland, star of *The Heiress*, and one of the beauties of Hollywood, who deserves a big salute as an actress who has been picked for charm and still prefers sincerity.

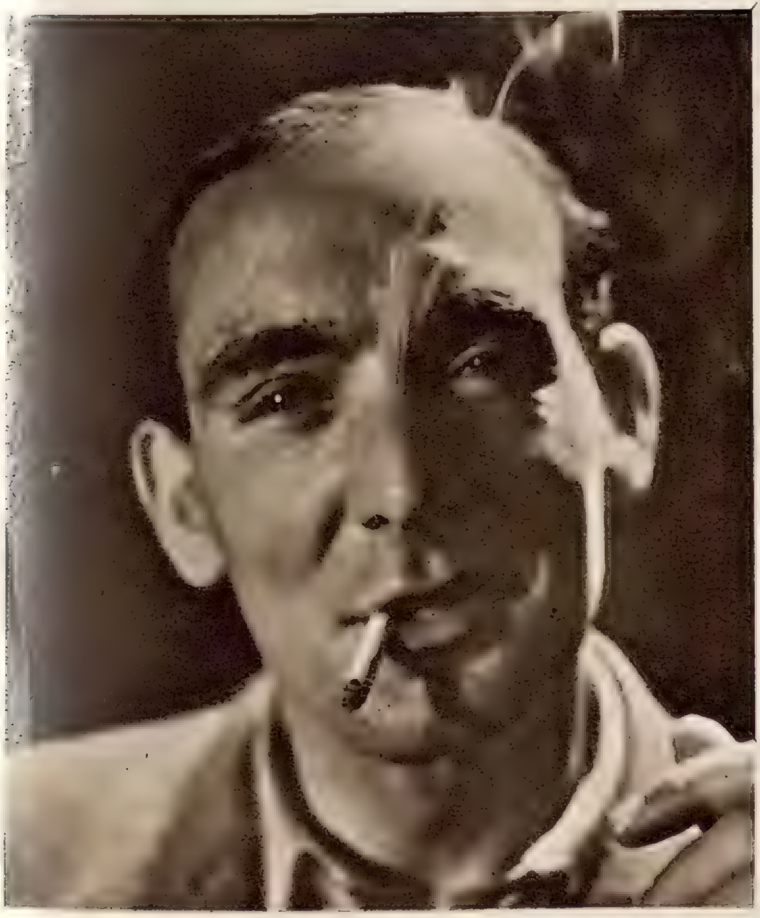
C A Lejeune

STAGE.—John Gordon Ash : For his direct and unpretentious production of *Journey's End*, which has achieved the honour of transference from a small club theatre to the Westminster.

J. C. Trewin

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts



LITERATURE.—George Barker : For his orgy of rhetorical prose *The Dead Seagull*.

RADIO.—Alan Stranks, who writes the lively crime series "P.C. 49" and has made his policeman hero popular with young and old alike.

Frederick Laws

AT THE THEATRE .... with J. C. Trewin

★ First Choice ★

RUTH DRAPER

(Criterion)

IT is thirty years since Ruth Draper first came to London, and our delighted surprise does not dwindle. Whenever she comes she brings off, with magnificent assurance, the same extremely complex conjuring trick. She is doing it again at the Criterion.

The Bazaar opens one of the two current Draper programmes. Here the lady of the manor is richly Edwardian, richly benevolent. She is here with lorgnettes, parasol, stole, boa, mammoth hat. She brims with benign platitudes, gentle banalities. The life of the village springs up round her as she trumpets happily from the platform against a capricious wind ("Everyone loved Miss Caroline"), and as she tours the stalls among a foam of sachets, tambourines, cakes, cream buns and gilded bulrushes ("I've always thought bulrushes were very decorative, but people don't use them much"). Lady Bountiful, with her gracious geniality, her fanning lorgnettes, chatters off towards a far-from-quiet tea, and we are conscious suddenly that a stage that had seemed as crowded as Bartholomew Fair—hardly, perhaps, a precise comparison—is occupied by a single wooden chair against old-gold curtains.

Two minutes only—and we are on the porch in a Maine coast village, where an elderly woman, hatless, in a black shawl, rocks to and fro in the evening and talks to her friend in a queer sharp-squeezed voice like tart apple-juice. "If you're miserable, I always say keep a-going, and you forget your misery." She forgets it easily enough, this relishing gossip on her porch: you can meet her relations any day down in the fishing villages of Cornwall. She, too, fades, and in her place is a débutante at a dance, a sprawling, kittenish child twiddling her pearls and endlessly twittering. The words pour out like water that splashes over a brimming pitcher. Now she will be Terribly Intense. Now she will whip into a macaw-screech. She is very young and very silly, and oceans divide her from the gracious Lady Bountiful we met thirty minutes ago.

When the curtain lifts again, now on a pair of desks, we are in the presence of Miss Nichols, the perfect secretary at the core of Mr. Clifford's New York office. Miss Nichols, living on aspirin but with a heart of pure gold and a memory worth a fortune—let us hope the dear soul gets it—is the first in the famous triptych of "Three Women and Mr. Clifford."

Miss Draper is, without qualification, a great artist. Since 1920 London has held her in affection. This, in the spruce band-box of the Criterion, will not be the least successful of Many Happy Returns.

Opening a Bazaar

A Debutante at a Dance

A Scottish Immigrant at Ellis Island

Three Women and Mr. Clifford

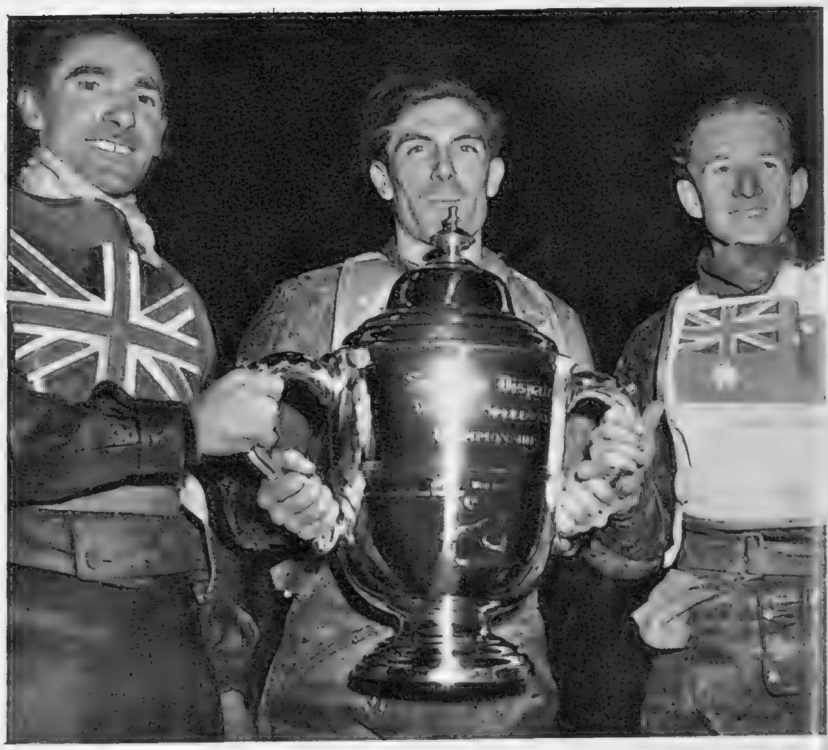
On a Porch in a Maine Coast Village

RUTH DRAPER
by Angus McBean

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Two American Air Force Officers who made jet history.

PILOTING Thunderjets on the first ever non-stop jet-aeroplane flight across the Atlantic were Colonel David C. Schilling (*right*), World War II fighter ace from Arlington, Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bill Ritchie, from Bluff, Arkansas, who had to bale out over Labrador on the last lap. He was picked up however, by helicopter.



FRED WILLIAMS for being the world's "number one" Speedway rider.

WELSHMAN who won the World Speedway title at Wembley recently is twenty-five-year-old Fred Williams from Port Talbot. He cleaned up £587 10s. in prize money at the rate of about £100 a minute, and broke the four-laps records. Runners-up were Wally Green of West Ham (*left*) and Graham Warren of Australia.

P.C. FRANK SINCLAIR, for having nerves of iron and teeth of bullet-proof steel.

A THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Bradford police constable electrified 2,000 spectators at Harrogate recently when he performed his hair-raising act of catching a bullet between his teeth. The occasion was the Annual Convention of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. A ·303 bullet was used and fired at a range of 25 yards. Crack shot Ernest Deuchar was warned "aim straight at my teeth and keep your nerve. The slightest slip will mean disaster."

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

DAI REES, for equalling James Braid's 39-year-old record by winning the *News of the World* golf tournament for the fourth time, and for the second time in succession, at Carnoustie, beating Yorkshire champion Frank Jowle by 7 and 6, to retain his British Professional match-play title.

SUSPENSE

It dawns on a brilliant scientist that he is creating nothing but destruction. Something cracks in his brain.

He disappears with a bomb, a resolve, and . . .

. . . an ultimatum to the Government.

The evacuation of London, the search for the Professor . . .

. . . the stiffening of the ultimatum as reflected on the faces of Big Ben and all concerned, give the Boulting Brothers' film *Seven Days to Noon* a climax we shall not easily forget.

"THE VACANCY HAS BEEN FILLED, GENTLEMEN"

Robb Wilton (above) distilled his own particular brand of drollery in "Saturday Fanfare," a recent week end offering by the Variety Department. In the same show, the "Fanfarettes" (below) gave us a somewhat astonishing picture of what goes on in Piccadilly Circus.

TELEVISION TALKING POINTS

Television—is it good or bad for the youngsters? Does it keep them up too late at night?

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WALLPAPERS

a criterion in decoration for close on a hundred years

—ALSO SANDERSON PAINTS AND SANDERSON INDECOLOR FABRICS

Aristoc
THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

This England . . .

In the Sussex Downs

THE Frenchman who said that we take our pleasures sadly, can scarce have visited our green uplands during a weekend of boon weather. Solemn, indeed, is the business of getting there — by car and 'bus and "bicycle made for two." But the family once encamped, what robustious games are played, what healthy, happy laughter shakes the sunlit air. For we English take joy of our land, and all that in it lies — from the lush green grass that leaves its happy souvenir upon the trouser's knee, to the grand ale of Old England (Bass is it, or Worthington your choice ?) that sets us up anew, and sends us content upon the homeward way. Free are we then as the birds of the air — but one scruple must we have, that there be no trace of our passing. 'Tis a lovely heritage, this England . . *let us keep it so.*

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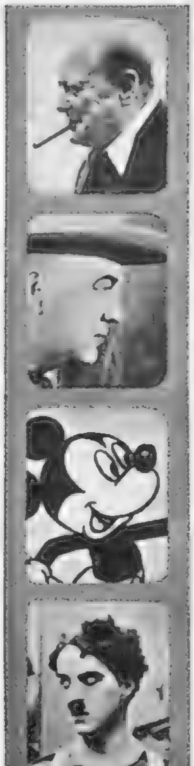

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HENNESSY, off course, the Brandy that made Cognac famous

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... aromatic, fragrant, the liqueur from wild cherries bursting with juice ...

... that's Cherry Bols. It is made with becoming reverence by the celebrated Dutch House of Bols and may technically be described as a maceration of the plumpest, ripest Marasca cherries and brandies, aromatised and mellowed with other precious ingredients according to an age-old formula. The result is a delicate glory which lingers on the palate in sublimest ecstasy. Do try a bottle.

Cherry BOLS

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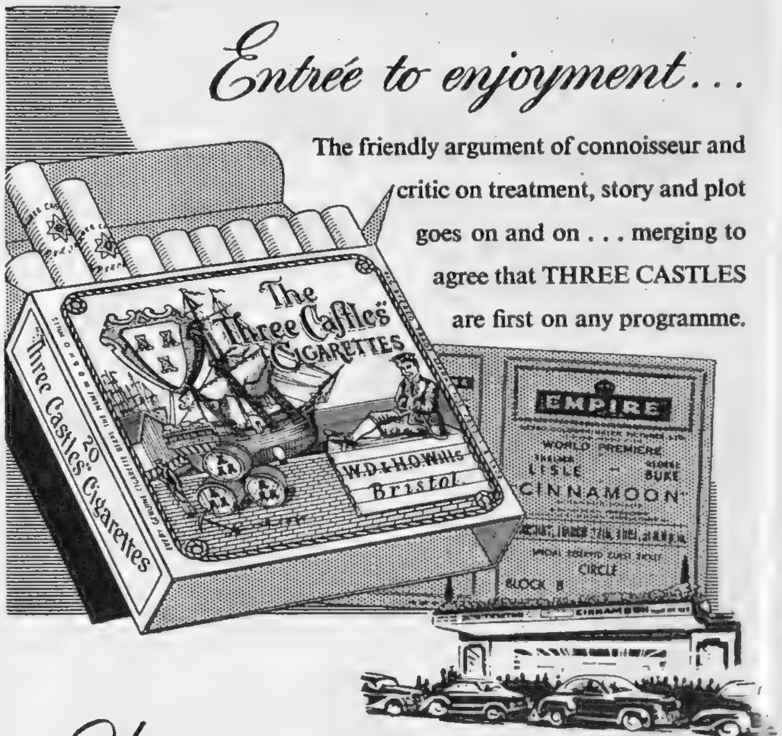
Entrée to enjoyment ...

The friendly argument of connoisseur and critic on treatment, story and plot goes on and on ... merging to agree that THREE CASTLES are first on any programme.



The "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

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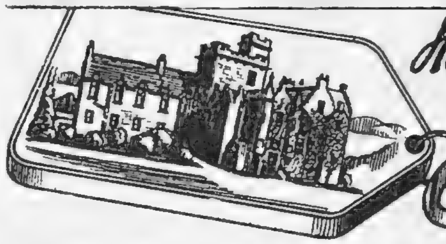

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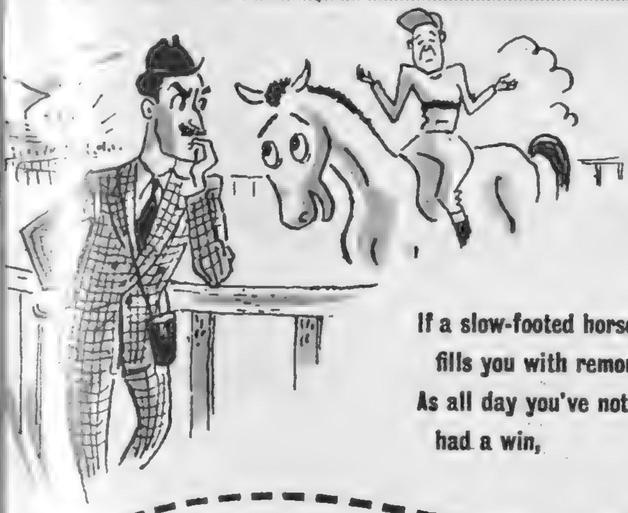

If a slow-footed horse
fills you with remorse,
As all day you've not
had a win,

To make you feel fine,
and worth a gold mine,
Go—mix a
Lillet with gin!

LILLET

The simplest and best cocktail is 2/3 Gin and 1/3 Lillet (with just a dash of Orange Bitters or a squeeze of lemon peel). It is indeed le meilleur aperitif de la France.

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" The district was known to be inhabited by particularly ferocious gorillas," said the Baron. " You are aware, gentlemen, of my utter contempt for the firearm as a weapon ? "

We nodded silent assent.

" I went to the Wilkinson Sword people and ordered a beautiful two-handed sword."

" You actually fought gorillas with this sword ? " asked the Younger Member.

" In all, I slew three hundred and seventeen in single combat," said the Baron. " I beg your pardon, one was killed falling from a tree, which I inadvertently felled when I brought my sword into contact with its trunk."

" And the sword ? " asked the Younger Member.

" Having lost my razor, I cut it up into suitable lengths and used it for shaving — it is still in use to-day." " I understand," continued the Baron modestly, " that it was from this that the Wilkinson people got the idea for their excellent razor."

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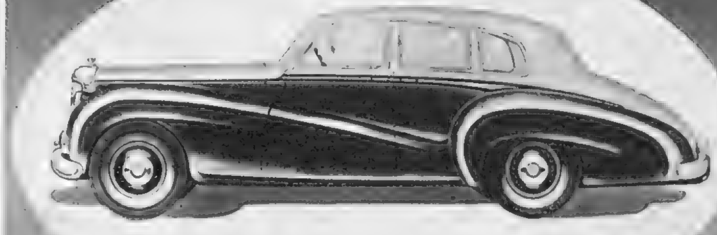

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Lovers of truly beautiful sherry will be glad to know that two bottles of "Pintail" may be acquired for trial by the simple expedient of sending a cheque for 41/8 to Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd., of Perth, Scotland, who have been importing fine sherry since 1800. "Pintail" is a quite exceptional pale dry sherry. Price of 1 doz. Bottles carriage paid £12.

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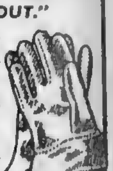

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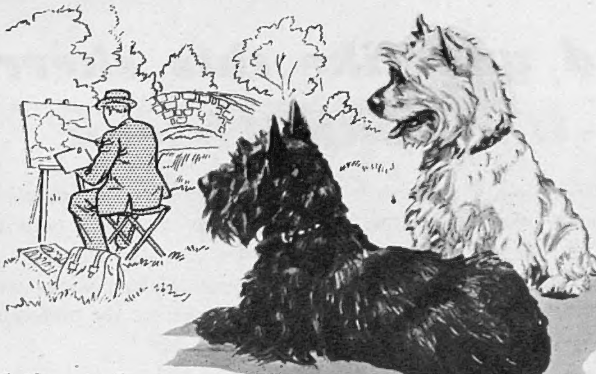

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"Glad you like this sherry —it's South African

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference ?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That bucked up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before ?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then ?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago ?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again ?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa ?

You certainly can, and very soon, too."

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SAWFA

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Now is the time to enjoy a break and set yourself up for the winter.

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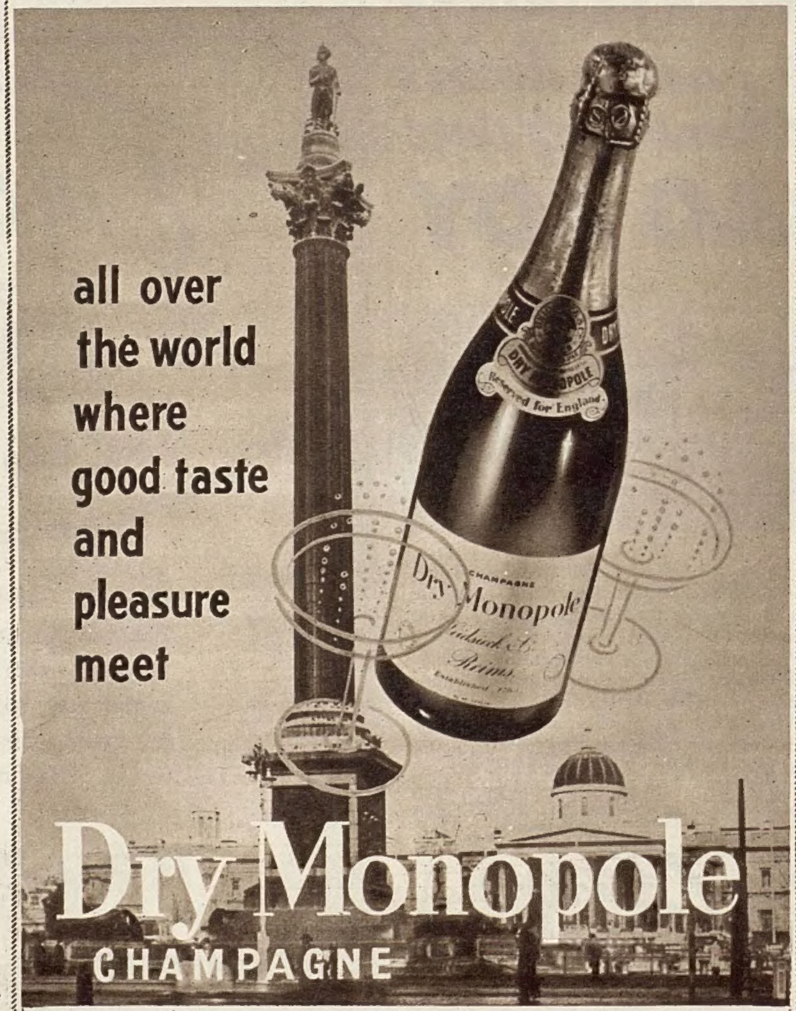
Made by **ABDULLA** *for those who prefer the American style of blend*



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